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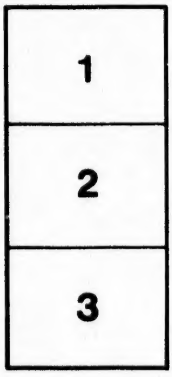

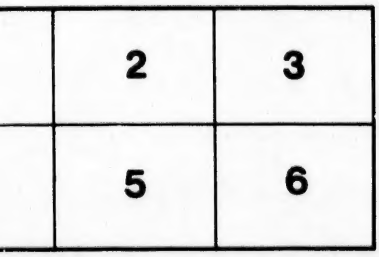

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THE INDIAN MYTHOLOGY.

In the beginning there was nothing but sky and water, in the sky a moon. A bird came out of the moon with a small ring or moon in its mouth. On coming to the water it got on the back of a large fish. There was no earth. The fish got into shallow water with the bird. The bird dropped the ring from its bill, when a large toad came and swallowed the ring. The toad soon became impregnated, then a child was born from the toad. It was a girl. The bird took it to feed it, and by the time it came to maturity, there sprung up out of the waters a beach with a thick woods. The bird left the girl on the beach and went off into the woods to seek food for it, then a bear came out of the woods and went to the girl and hugged her, and from her the first man was born. This is the ancient account or legend of the creation by the Indians. Consequently, they consider themselves descended from the bird, fish, toad and bear. So each family takes one of these as their crest.

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THE TOTEM POLE.

LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS OF THE ALASKA INDIANS.

TALES OF THE TOTEM POLES—NE-KIL-STLASS THE CREATOR—THE RAVEN GOD.

There are, or were, four large and important tribes in Alaska, the names of which, in the Tsimshean language, are Kish-poot-wadda, by far the most numerous hereabouts, have for symbols the fin-back whale in the sea, the grizzly bear on land, the grouse in the air and the sun and stars. The next clan, known as the Canadda, have for symbols the frog, the raven, the star fish and the bullhead. The Lacheboo, another clan, had the heron and the grizzly bear for totems. Lackshkeak, the eagle, the beaver and the halibut.

These creatures, however, are only regarded as the visible representatives of the powerful and mystical beings or genii of Indian mythology, and as all of one group are said to be of the same kindred, so all the members of the same class, whose heraldic symbols are same are counted as blood relations, and strange to say, this relationship holds good should the persons belong to different or even hostile tribes or speak a different language, or be located thousands of miles apart and this relationship is perpetuated in the face of obliterating circumstances. The Indians point back to a remote age when their ancestors lived in a beau-

tiful land and where, in a mysterious manner, the mythical creatures, whose symbols they retain, revealed themselves to the heads of the families of that day.

They relate the traditional story of an overwhelming flood which came and submerged the good land and spread death and destruction all around. Those of the ancients who escaped in canoes were drifted about and scastered in every direction on the face of the waters, and where they found themselves after the flood had subsided, there they located and staked out their pre-emption claims and formed new tribal associations.

Thus it was that persons related by blood became widely severed from each other. Nevertheless they retained and clung to the symbols which had distinguished them and their repective families before the flood. Hence the crests have continued to mark the offspring of the original fouuders of each family.

It may interest our readers to know to what practical uses the natives apply their crests.

First—Crests subdivide tribes into social clans, and a union of crests is a closer bond than a tribal union.

Second—It is the ambition of all leading members of each clan in the several tribes to represent their rank by carving or painting their heraldic symbols on all their belongings, not omitting their household utensils, and on the death of the head of a family a totem pole was erected in front of his house by his successor, on which is carved or painted more or less elaborately, the symbolic creatures of his clan.

Third—The crests define the bonds of consanguinity, and persons having the same crests are forbidden to intermarry; that is, a frog cannot marry a frog, nor a whale a whale, but a

frog may marry a wolf and a whale marry an eagle.

Fourth—All the children take the mother's crest and are incorporated as members of the mother's family, nor do they designate or regard their father's family as their relations, and therefore an Indian's heir or successor is not his own son, but his sister's son, and in case of a woman being married into a distant tribe away from her relations, the offspring of such union when grown up, will leave their parents and go to their mother's tribe.

Fifth—The clan relationship also regulates all feasting. A native invites the members of his own crest to a feast, they being regarded as his blood relations, are always welcome as his guests, but at feasts, which are only given for display, all the clansmen within reasonable distance, are expected to contribute of their means and their services gratuitously to make the feast a success, for on the fame of the feast hangs the honor of the clan.

Sixth—This social brotherhood has much to do with promoting hospitality among the Indians. A stranger, with or without his family, in visiting an Inqian village, needs be at no loss for shelter; he at once goes to the house belonging to one of his crest, which he can easily distinguish by the totem pole in front of it. There he is sure of a hearty welcome and will be received as a brother and trusted and treated as such.

Seventh—Another prominent use of the heraldic symbols is that they take their names from them, viz.: Wee-nay-acn (whale), lee-tahm-tavu (eagle), iksh-co-am-alyah (raven), etc.

These relations tend to foster peace and discourage wars, and though the tribes in Alaska are civilized, or nearly so, they retain their crest distinctions.

THE COAST INDIANS.

THE HISTORY OF THE CHIEF AIJULTALA—A LEGEND OF THE BELLA COOLAS.

A Visit to the Great Chief Komokoa, God of the Sea—The First Indian House.

There was once a man named Dockelaisla, who lived at Bella Coola, and who had four sons. Once he told his sons to go and see what they could do, so, getting their canoes and spears ready, they started on their voyage. They were gone four days (four being a lucky or perfect number among Indians) without seeing anythting of hair seals, of which they were in search. At last being disheartened by their ill-luck, they determined to go out further to sea, out from the Bella Coola Inlet. They journeyed on until they came to a little bay about sundown, when they camped for the night, making their beds in the canoe. During the night they heard something flapping against their canoe, and one of their number went to investigate. It turned out to be only a Dog-Fish. They camped in this bay for four nights; each night the same flapping against the canoe occurred, but on the fourth night they caught the Dog-Fish and tore off the ear-bone from the skull and threw it overboard. After this was done nothing else happened to disturb their slumbers; but one of the brothers awoke and thought he felt something like rain beating on his face. He looked around and saw a large mansion, but to make sure he was not dreaming in his sleep he bit one of his fin-

gures, which is a common thing for Indians to do to ascertain whether they are awake or asleep. The canoe was inside the house, and all the wonders of the sea; fishes and vegetable matter were inside, and at the back of the fire was seated the Chief Komokoa, who is to the Indians what King Neptune is to us. All the tribes from the north of Vancouver Island to the Simpsean have their different legends about this god of the sea. Komokoa, who goes by different names by the different tribes. They represent the several gods in masks, or in carving in wood, the spirits which inhabit the sea being totally different to the ones in the bush or Heaven, and the representations going from father to son. So he awoke the three other brothers, each one going through the same performance of biting his fingures as did the first one. The Chief Komokoa called to the man in the bow, who was the spearman, and gave him the name of Aijultalla; the second brother he called Komokoa; the third one he called Koma-nui-kalla, and the fourth Takis. The Chief was angry and asked them why they had torn the ear-bone off the Dog-Fish, as he said the Dog-Fish had come crying down to him (this dog-fish when in Komokoa's presence being a woman, but when at sea a fish,) and said the men had taken the blankets off of her; so the Chief sent out his men and had the four brothers brought into his mansion at the bottom of the sea. This being the first time they had committed this act, he said he would forgive them, and he invited them to come and sit with him at the back of the fire. Calling his servant he asked him to bring forth the sea potatoes, so Sijut, one of the servants, told Komokoa to give them a Hair Seal to eat, which he did. Komokoa told Sijut to put on his blanket and turn himself into a Blackfish,

and to go to the lake in Rivers Inlet, known as Wanick, to bring stones on which to cook the seal. Sijut at once started and in less than five seconds, or in a shorter space of time than it takes to write this, he returned, greatly to the surprise of the four men, he having gone 180 miles in that short time. He then proceeded to cook their meal in a box of wood about four feet high, three wide and four long. The meat was put into this box, which was filled with water; stones were put into the fire and when red-hot were dropped into the box, the stones causing the water to boil and so cook the meat. This mode of cooking is still kept up by Indians around Bella Coola. While they were at their meal Komokoa went and examined their canoe, and found their spear. Coming back he said: "No wonder you could not kill any seals with this. I will give you my spear, which directly it is pointed at a seal, kills every time." They gladly received his present. He said to the oldest brother, Aijultalla: "I am sure you have never seen a dance. I will show you one; we will call it the Sissanich dance. This dance is enjoyed by the spirits of dead Indians, who return to this earth in the shape of wolves and other animals. The Sissanich whistle which he gave to Aijultalla imitates the spirits when they return to this earth. This whistle is only allowed to be used by the head men of an Indian tribe, and is not even allowed to be seen by the other Indians, as so much trouble was caused on account of it; for if it was dropped to the ground and broken, or even the string broken, or even the wooden masks worn by the head men, it was a sign for the neighboring tribe to come and fight them. It was, therefore, a most sacred thing. All the fighting up the coast has been caused by this Sissanich whistle. In

every village there is a head man at the dance, who is the leader called 'Ancil li Kietsoi,' who has the power to put to death any Indian who may have seen this whistle; but mostly they are put to death by the Indian doctor, who says a certain Indian will die within such and such a time, the Indians generally frightening himself to death. This doctor is supposed to be be able to put a stone in a man's heart, so that he will die at a specified time. He (the Chief Komokoa) told them to stay with him four days, and on the fourth day to go to sleep and he would send them up on earth again. But on the fourth day Komokoa told the eldest, Aijultalla, that when he returned to the earth he was to build a house exactly the same as Komokoa's submarine residence, and put a totem pole out side as he did, representing his history of the Sissanich dance from age to age. He then sent them all to sleep, and on the fourth day when they awoke they were in Bella Coola Inlet, at the island called Helkatsino, or Hunter's Island, so called by white men. They were very anxious to try the spear Komokoa had given them, which proved to be a most useful weapon, as no matter how far it was thrown it killed the seal. At last, having got a boat load they determined to return to Bella Coola where the people were most surprised to see them, as the four days the brothers had been with Komokoa had really been four years. They found the Indians in mourning for them, having cut off their hair, this being a sign of lamentation. The eldest brother, Aijultalla, at once set to work and built a house similar to Komokoa's and gave a Sissanich Dance, he being acknowledged chief among the Indians, as no one without the Sissanich history can become a chief. He is said to have been the first man to build a house in Bella

Coola. Before his time the Indians were living in a wild state in huts and very rough at that, but all the Indian tribes say their's is the first house. As those from the sun or moon get their Sissanich history, so I presume they claim priority. From the Komokoa the name Aijultalla originated and the three other names also—thus four names first sprung from the Komokoa House. And thus it is that all the names (chief) from the sun or moon were adopted from the Sissanich history.

THE HOME OF THE HAIDAS.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS AND THE RACE WHO PEOPLE THEM. HOW BOTH CAME INTO EXISTENCE.

AN INTERESTING LEGENDARY ACCOUNT OF A NATION WHOSE HISTORY IS CARVED ON TOTEM POLES.

(By Rev. Charles Harrison, resident missionary at Masset, Q. C. I.)

The Queen Charlotte Islands, the extreme northwestern lands of British Columbia, lie in the Pacific Ocean, between 51 and 55 degrees of north latitude. They comprise over 200 islands, their length being 220 miles, and their greatest width 63 miles. Graham, Moresby and North Islands are the largest—extending 80, 70, 15 and 8 miles respectively—and constitute 80 per cent. of their area. Dixon's entrance, on the north, with an average width of 30 miles, separates Graham Island from the Prince of Wales group in Alaska. Queen Charlotte Sound, from 50 to 80 miles across, lies between them and the mainland of the provine. The nearest land is Stephen's Island, 28 miles east of Rose Spit, the extreme northeastern part of Graham Island. Cape St. James, their most southerly point, is 140 miles northwest of Cape Scott, the northernmost land of Vancouver Island.

The Queen Charlotte Islands were first discovered by Juan Pererz, a Spanish navigator, on the 18th of July, 1774, and named Cabo De St. Margarita. In 1787 Captain Dizon was explori[illegible] the west coast of Vancouver on behalf

of a London fur company, when he discovered other islands ahead of him. He came here through an entrance on the west coast, which has been known as Dixon's Entrance ever since. He then hoisted the British flag and named the islands after George the Third's queen, and they have been known by that name ever since. The first white men known to have landed upon the islands were a portion of the crew of the Iphigenia, under the command of Captain Douglas. They remained nine days in Parry Passage, in 1788, trading with the natives. The most extensive explorations made of any portion of the islands, were those of Captain Etienne Marchand, in the French ship Solide. In 1791 he examined the shores bordering on Parry Passage, and part of the west coast of Graham Island, commencing from Frederick Island southward. Since that time, although several parties of prospectors have visited various parts of the islands, no systematic effort has been made to thoroughly explore the entire group. During the last eight years I have resided at Massett, Graham Island, and am the only white man thoroughly conversant with the Haida language. The ancient tradition of the Haidas concerning their religion and creation, I have received verbally from some of the oldest chiefs. I have divided my subject into two parts, first "The Haida Deities;" second "The Hiada Creation."

THE HAIDA DEITIES.

The ancient Haidas believed in two important gods, one as hierarch of the celestial sphere, and the other as sovereign of the lower regions. These two gods formerly lived together in happiness, attended by inferior gods, until a dispute arose as to the light and darkness. Stranungetlagidas was the name of one, and

Hetgwaulana was the name of the other god. Stranungetlagidas always wished for light in their abode of happiness and was never sleepy or tired. On the contrary, Hetgwaulana was never happy unless it was dark. He said that it was impossible to sleep if it were always light. So one day he was very angry and demanded that it should always be dark. Stanungetlagidas would not listen to this proposal, and, consequently, a contest arose as to who should be the most powerful monarch in this land of gods. A battle accordingly took place and the Chief of Light and his attendants prevailed and cast forth the Chief of Darkness and his followers, into the lower regions.

Thus it happens that where Stranungetlagidas is supreme it is always light, but, on the contrary, when Hetgwaulana is the chief it is always pitchy dark, and he is allowed to sleep undisturbed by the faintest ray of light. It is fully believed that Stranungetlagidas is the possessor of the sun and moon; he is also the creator of the stars and all the other luminaries that are supposed to exist in the Kingdom of Light. Hetgwaulana is credited with the origion of the clouds and darkness. As I have already stated, these two supreme deities had minor gods to assist them. All fevers are attributed to the god who resides in the sun. When he is offended by some action of theirs he visits the earth with the pestilence of smallpox and fevers. They try to propitiate him with offerings of berries cast into fire, and if they fail to regain his goodwill, they then take some portions of their daily food (chiefly smoked salmon or dried halibut), and throw it as far as they can into the salt water in order to gain the influence of the god of the sea, whom they believe to be more powerful than the god in the sun.

Whenever the Haidas camped near the beach, before they commenced to erect their tent or cook their food, they would invariably take some dry halibut and berries and cast into the fire to propitiate the god of the earth, and so secure his influence to protect them from danger during the night. The god of the earth did not require this food for himself, but carried it to the friends of those encamped, who had died during the previous year. In case they should happen to be greedy and throw but a scanty portion of their food into the fire, their deceased friends would become very angry, and within the next twelve months they all would most assuredly die.

The god of the clouds is another deity who inspires a feeling of awe and dread in the bosom of the bravest warrior. On a dull day, when the clouds are hanging low down, they firmly believe that this god is in search of a meal, and any caught out on such a day is bound to die before the expiration of six months, so as to furnish a dainty dish for this anthropophagous god. As the people are afraid of his cruel threat to catch all who come out on such a day, they almost always remain indoors. This god has a novel way of securing his prize. He comes down on the clouds and sits watching for some stray Indian. As soon as one comes near him he does not pounce upon his body; no! this would be too vulgar an action for a god to do. He merely seizes the spirit of the Indian, i.e., he draws the spirit out of the body, and takes it with him on high; and in a very short space of time the body has to go in search of this spirit and so becomes an easy victim of his cannibal god.

The Haidas did not fear the two great spirits as much as they feared the minor deities. They believed that Stranungetlagidas and Hetgwau-

lana were too great and independent to care very much for them while on earth, but were busy preparing habitations for them to live in after death. The two great goods were worshipped but not feared, and no one is able to give a definite answer as to what they believed they were or how they came into existence. They existed according to tradition and that was sufficient for the Haidas. They also created all the inferior gods to assist them in their united kingdom above the clouds. If, however they were in great trouble, they would evoke the aid of the Spirit of Light, and if they wished to bring an eternal curse on their enemies, they would pray and offer sacrifices of fish to the Spirit of Darkness. Stranungetlagidas is supposed to have commanded the inferior gods to protect the Haida nation and to supply them with all the necessaries of life. Their supplications were addressed to this supreme chief through the god of the sun and the god of the sea. Their offerings were always made to the minor deities in order to secure their goodwill and assisstance as mediators with the great chief, whenever they were seriously ill and on the point of death. Ordinarily, most of their religious rites and ceremonies have reference only to the sun god and the sea god.

Whenever a good Haida is about to die he sees a canoe manned by some of his bygone friends, who come with the tide to bid him welcome to their domain. They are supposed to be sent by the god of death. The dying man sees them and is rejoiced to know that after a period passed within the city of death, he will, with his friends, be welcomed to the kingdom of Stranungetlagidas. His friends call and bid him come. They say :

" Come with us; come into the land of light ; come into the land of great things; come into

land of plenty, where hunger is unknown; come with us and rest forever more. The birds of our country will bring you delicious berries; the dogs of our city will furnish you with innumerable bearskins, and your home will be of beautiful cedar, all inset with most lovely abalone shells. Come with us into our land of sun shine and be a great chief, attended by numerous slaves. Come with us and the hair seal will provide you with salmon, halibut and all kinds of shell-fish, Come with us, now, the spirits say, "for the tide is about to ebb and we must depart."

At last the soul of the deceased man leaves his body to join the company of his former friends, and his body is buried with great pomp and splendor.

In regard to the wicked Indians, great clouds appear, in which are satellites of the cloud monarch, who are ready to pounce upon the soul as soon as the body dies. They have no beautiful houses to dwell in, and no god food is supplied them. They are compelled to live with this dreaded chief twelve months, and after their bodies are buried their souls are commanded to descend to the earth and bring their bodies to supply their chief with food. Should they refuse to accede to his request, he then begins to feast on their spirits, the consequence of which, is that their "souls" will immediately die. When the twelve months expire he conveys their souls, if obedient, down through the sea, and the land beneath the sea, into the kingdom of Hetgwaulana.

The good land is heaven, and is called Shatlige—the land above. The good chief is the reigning monarch in the land above, and the souls of the good Indians are taken there by his emissaries and presented with everything that could be wished for, after they have suc-

cessfully passed through the domain of Chief Death. In heaven everything is happy. There, in the land of the Great Chief, is perpetual light, with no clouds, no storms, and no fierce winds to mar the peace of his friends. There, they are all clothed in beautiful garments, made of cedar and spruce root, and hunt and fish the live-long day. There they dance their best dances and sing their favorite songs in the presence of their chief, continually.

Hetgwauge is the name of the lower region, over which Hetg*w*aulana is the chief. To this place Chief Cloud conducts the souls of the wicked Indians, and there they are prevented from hunting and fishing; and all enjoyment is at an end. It is a most dismal region to live in, as it is always dark, with terrible storms and cold winds blowing continually. The storms prevent them from catching fish and the snow prevents them from hunting, and thus they are in a state of perpetual misery and trouble.

The question naturally arises, "what makes a good Indian, and what constitutes a bad one?" The good Indians are those who worship the Great Chief through the minor deities; are punctual in offering sacrifices to the inferior gods, and are obedient to the commands of the Great Medicine man, known as Saagga. They must also love their friends and be kindly disposed towards the poor. They must never fight with their friends, but must always attend the great dance festivals and give liberally towards the feasts. They must only go to war against a foreign tribe, at the command of the Saagga, who will then assure them of victory. If any one be killed by an accident or in actual warfare, the services of the Saagga will gain him admittance into heaven, for which service the Saagga was accustomed to receive a

bale of blankets valued at $60. Finally, all who are happy while on this earth will be admitted by the Great Chief into his eternal kingdom, where they will continue to be happy without end.

The wicked Indians are those who are always quarrelling and fighting. They have no desire to love their friends, and their only wish is to steal the property of the good Indians. The greatest sin a Haida can commit is to disregard the commands of the medicine man. All bad Indians hate the Saagga, despise his authority and are consequently sent by him to the lower region. In general, it is safe to say that all who are quarrelsome, all who steal and commit murder, and all who disobey the medicine man, will be handed over by Chief Cloud to Chief Hetgwaulana, after he has feasted on their bodies.

The Haidas believe that the souls leaves the body immediately after death, and is taken possession of either by Chief Cloud or Chief Death. The good soul is taken possession of by Chief Death, and during its sojourn in the domain of death, it is taught many wonderful things and becomes initiated into the mysteries of heaven. At last he becomes the essence of the purest light and is able to revisit his friends on earth. At the close of the twelve months' probation, the time of his redemption from Death's kingdom arrives. As it is impossible that the pure essence of light, which is Stranunetagidas, should come into contact with a depraved material body, the good Indian assumes only its appearance, and then the gates of cedar, beautifully carved and ornamented with shells, are thrown open, and his soul, which by this time assumes the shape of his earthly body, but clothed in the light of the kingdom of Light, is delivered to the Chief of

Light by Chief Death, in whose domains he has been taught the customs to be observed in heaven.

The bad Indian in the reign of the clouds is tortured continually. In the first place his soul has to witness the chief of that region feasting on his dead body until it is entirely consumed. Secondly, he is so near to this world that he evinces a longing desire to return to his friends and gain their sympathy. Thirdly he has the dread of being conducted to Hetgwaulana ever before his mind. No idea of atonement for his past wicked life is ever permitted since his soul after death is incapable of reformation, and, consequently, incapable of salvation. Sometimes permission is granted to souls in the clouds to revisit the earth. Then they can only be seen by the Saagga, who describes them as destitute of all clothing. They are looked upon as wicked and treacherous spirits, and the medicine man's duty is to prevent them entering any of the houses; and not only so, but as soon as the Saagga makes the announcement that a certain soul has descended from the clouds, no one will leave their homes, because the sight of a wicked soul would cause sickness and trouble, and his touch, death.

Now, it sometimes happens that the souls in the domain of death are not made pure and holy within the twelve months, and yet, when their bodies died, they were not wicked enough to be captured by Chief Cloud. Then it becomes necessary that the less sanctified souls return to earth and become regenerated. Every soul not worthy of entering heaven is sent back to his friends and reborn at the first opportunity. The Saagga enters the house to see the newly born baby and his attendant spirits announce to him that in that child is

the soul of one of their departed friends who had died during the preceding year. Their new life has to be such as will subject them to retribution for the misdeeds of their past life, and thus the purgation of souls has to be carried on in successive migrations until they are suitable to enter the region of eternal light.

Likewise, it sometimes happens that some souls are too depraved and wicked after twelve month's sojurn in the clouds, to be conducted to Hetgwaulana. that they also are sent back to this earth, but are not allowed to re-enter mankind. They are allowed to enter the bodies of animals and fish, and compelled to undergo great torture. These evil souls are commanded to hurt all strangers, but had not to molest persons of their own tribe. The black bear is the most powerful creature that such a soul could inhabit, and the mouse is the smallest one. The animals and fish inhabited by evil spirits are also continually afraid of being killed, and it appears to me that this state of suspense is the means by which they could re-enter the clouds, and be finally conducted into the presence of Hetgwaulana. Thus it is that the ancient Haidas always used to wear an amulet of bears' teeth around their necks to protect them from the wicked soul of the bear. Storms and bad weather, when they cause the people trouble and a scarcity of food, were attributed to an abundance of wicked souls in the vicinity.

Sometimes the soul enters into the body of a finback whale, and consequently finback whales are much honored, and at the same time feared. On no account could an Indian a few years ago be persuaded to shoot one. Sometimes a solitary whale enters the inlet and appears opposite to an Indian house. Then the inhabitants are in great dread of capsizing at

sea, and if such should be the case they will most assuredly be seized for Chief Cloud.

Take the mouse for another example of the strange and demonical notions that exist amongst the elder portion of the community, even at the present time. This harmless little creature is magnified into such proportions at times that it can contain the wicked soul of an adult, and yet become so small that it can enter into the stomach of the living. The ancient Haidas firmly believed that in every one's stomach existed a number of mice, and each mouse represented the wicked and restless soul of a departed relative. Therefore a bad-tempered man was the possessor of a mouse that was possessed by a soul that was too ill-tempered to be introduced to Hetgwaulana. A man who was always quarrelling and fighting was supposed to have within him a soul, who in former life was addicted to such vice. The great question to consider is, how do the mice get into the stomach? Chief Edenstran, the superior chief of the Haida nation, now 90 years of age, calmly and quietly told me that one bright summer's morning, having got up very early, he went for a stroll over Rose spit and came upon some women who were sound asleep. To his horror and great astonishment he saw that their faces were covered with mice. He sat down quietly and watched them. Presently he saw one disappear down a woman's throat, then another, and quickly no less than seven vanished down her throat. Out of the seven that had disappeared only one returned, as he had evidently gone down the throat of one of his tribe instead of the throat of an enemy. This left six woe-begone souls inside of this most unfortunate woman. I did not ask him what became eventually of the woman herself, but doubtless from the number of

malevolent spirits located within her, she must have finally become a dainty dish for the Cloud Chief.

CREATION OF THE HAIDAS.

Now the question arises, how were the Haidas created, and by whom? Thousands of years after Hetgwaulana was cast forth from the region of the clouds he commanded one of his followers to assume the shape of a bird and make an attempt to discover what the gods in the Kingdom of Light were occupied with, and also obtain information, if possible, how they in the region of darkness could again obtain admission into their long lost country.

This god assumed the form of a raven, and after his first attempt to obtain information about Stranungetlagidas had been frustrated, he determined never to return again to the dismal abode of his associates, but remain an inhabitant of the air and be at liberty to do what he pleased. Thus, in the earliest ages, the raven was supposed to live in the gray clouds which overshadow the mighty deep, and had no place of refuge and no place on which he could rest. At this period there was no dry land and the face of the earth was covered with water. At last the raven grew very angry, being very weary, and beat the water with his wings until it flew up in great clouds on each side of him, and in its fall became transformed into tiny rocks, and so at last he found a resting place.

These rocks grew larger and larger, and extended themselves on every side, until at last they reached from North Island to Cape St. James. Some years afterwards the rocks underwent another change and became transformed into sand, upon which a few trees eventually grew, and this became Queen Charlotte Islands and the country of the Haidas.

The Raven then wished some one to assist him in cultivating his newly made world. He, therefore, collected together two large mounds of clam shells on the beach near Sisk and made them human, and afterwards compelled those now made to become his slaves. At last the two slaves became dissatisfied with their condition and told the Raven that they were not properly made. In anger, the Raven listened to their piteous story, and then concluded to make them male and female. He threw limpets at one which eventually became the man, and the other remained as she was before, a woman. Thus was created the first parents of the Haida Nation. Some time ago a little Haida boy was asked who made him? Without stopping to consider he promptly answered "Yetlth the Raven." This goes to prove that until quite recently the Haidas fully believed the Raven to be their creator.

The Creator lived at the northeastern point of Graham Island at a place called Rose Spit. This place is twenty-six miles distant from Massett. He presently grew weary with his lonely life and at last commnnded the female slave to be his wife. They lived peaceably and happily together for a number of years, but at last he became angry with her and sent her and the man slave to a place now called Skidegate, because she bore him no children.

Being left quite alone he came to the determination to again gain admittance into the Kingdom of Light, not to please, however, the Ohief of Darkness, but to gain his own ends and secure a beautiful wife from among the daughters of the heavenly chiefs. One bright summer moruing he started off on the long and weary journey. He soared upward and onward over the lonely sea until the land he had created appeared to him to be a small mos-

quito. Upwards he soared into the clear, blue sky until at last he came to the walls of heaven. He concealed himself until the evening and then assumed the form of a bear. He then scratched a hole through the wall and entered his former abode.

The place had greatly changed since the time he was an inhabitant there, and consequently he took time to consider everything that he saw, so as to form a similar kingdom on his return to earth. There he found that everyone was considered a god or a chief, and all were submissive to the Chief of Light, who still held supreme power as in olden times. He also found that the Great Chief had divided his kingdom into towns and cities, into lands and seas, and had created the moon and the stars, and made a great luminary to rule over all, which was called Jine, the Sun. At last he was caught by the hunters of the King and brought into his presence. As the raven appeared to be a beautiful and tame bear he was kept as a playmate for the King's youngest son. He then spent three years in intimate connection with the royal family and had sufficient time to make careful and necessary observations prior to his descent to the lower world. He determined to found a dynasty as powerful as the one over which Stranungetlagidas held control, and that his people also should be as numerous as the inhabitants of heaven.

It was customary for the children in the Land of Light to disguise and transform themselves into bears, seals and birds. Now it so happened that the Raven, who had become a bear, was strolling on the beach one evening looking for his supper of clams when he espied three other bears approaching him He knew at once that they were children of a great chief, and instantly he transformed himself into a

large eagle, stole the sun which happened to be setting at the time, also the fire stick that was used to kindle the heavenly fires, and flew over the walls of heaven with one under each wing, together with the child of a great chief in his beak.

As soon as the people found that the sun had been stolen they reported the matter at once to the King. He then ordered his kingdom to be searched, and if the culprit were found he was condemned to be thrown down to the kingdom of Hetgwaulana. Whilst they were busy searching for the theif a messenger arrived, who stated that he had seen a large eagle flying over the walls of their city with the sun under his wing. At once all the heavenly citizens gave chase, and the Raven was pursued. In his flight for safety he dropped the child and it fell down through the clouds and down into the sea, close to the Raven's kingdom. The Raven also descended, bearing with him the sun and the fire stick in safety to the earth. When the child fell into the sea he cried aloud for assistance, and immediately the little fishes came in great shoal to his aid and carried him on their backs safely to the shore. This fish is very numerous around Rose spit at the present day, and their forms have remained dinted in the blue clay of that district from the day when they bore the heaven-born child ashore, until now. The great chief was a lover of peace and consequently did not allow his followers to pursue the Raven down the earth, as Chief Hetgwaulana might then be tempted to regain heaven and give them perpetual trouble. So the Raven was unmolested, and another sun was created in heaven by the Great Ruler, who loved light and hated darkness.

Now the Raven though that he had secured a chief's daughter, but it turned out to be a

chief's son. The Raven loved him exceedingly and built a house at Rope spit specially for the accommodation of the child and the sun. The child grew to be very powerful and had command over all animals, fish and birds. Whenever he called to the fish they would at once appear and bear him out to sea. Whenever he wished to fly through the air, he would call to the birds. They would at once come to bear him wherever he wished to go on their wings. The bear and other animals attended to his daily wants and supplied him with salmon and berries. The animals, birds and fish were created by the Raven for the sole benefit of this heaven-born child. The Raven also kept the sun and fire stick in a very strong and secure room, as he was afraid that his two former slaves would return and steal them.

Presently the slave wife of the Raven returned and begged to be re-admitted into the Raven's society. The request was granted, and she became once more the mistress of the Raven's household. She took a great interest in the child and attended to his every wish. By this time the child had grown to be a handsome young man, and began to love this woman. She reciprocated his love, and at last resolved to become his wife. The Raven soon found that they were acting as man and wife, and he became very angry. He threatened to kill the woman. This threat caused the lovers to escape from the house and hide themselves in the bush. When they escaped from the Raven's house they carried with them a large cedar box, in which the sun and the fire stick were placed. Day after day, and month after month, they wandered southward without proper nourishment, and in great fear of the Raven. They also carried with them the box containing the sun and the fire stick.

One evening faint and weary, they sat down near a little creek, and the woman being very hungry wept bitterly. Her husband walked a little distance up the stream, and at last found a dead land otter, but could not eat it as they had no fire to cook it. Next morning they remembered that they had the fire stick in the box that they were carrying. They determined to try it. The young man got it and instantly made fire, and the two cooked the body of the otter, ate it, and proceeded on their journey. When they reached Cape Ball they were hungry again, but the young man began to sing one of the songs taught him in heaven, and the sea receded four miles from the shore and left one great whale stranded on the beach. The young man got rocks and stones and carried them on his back to where the whale was, and barred it in, and thus described a circle around it that can be seen at the present day.

The young man and his wife lived on whale flesh until they reached the channel that divides Graham and Moresby islands, and there they built a house, which afterwards became nucleus of the Skidegate village. There they lived for several years in peace and prosperity, and a daughter was born which made them exceedingly happy. In time their daughter grew to be a beautiful waman and most lovely to behold, but the great drawback to her peace of mind was that no husband could be found for her.

Year after year passed by, and when her parents had given up the idea of providing her with a husband there came from North island around the West coast the Raven's male slave that he had made on the beach at Sisk, and this forlorn specimen of early man desired the hand of this lovely damsel in marriage. Her father refused to give his consent, and was very

angry at the impudence of a clam shell-made man in daring even to think of becoming united to the daughter of a heaven-born chief. The slave was not so easily to be got rid of, so he lived in the woods near the house, and whenever the husband was away from home would come and talk with his wife, who was the same woman that was made by the Raven at the time of his creation. This woman treated him as her brother, and told him all her secrets, and even went so far as to reveal to him the place where her husband kept the chest containing the sun that he had stolen from the Raven's house at Rose spit.

This treasure was safely stored in a strongly built house in the woods, where the heaven-born man would frequently go to pray to the gods in the Kingdom of Light. It was bad policy for the woman to divulge the whereabouts of her husband's great treasure, for the heaven-born chief, on the slave appealing for the last time for his daughter's hand, kicked him most unceremeniously from the house. In revenge, the chief having retired for the night, the slave went to the house in the woods, descended through the smoke hole and found the box which contained the sun. He seized a large club that was on the floor and destroyed the box, taken great care of the sun, which he had first abstracted. He then sat down and pondered over his lonely lot in life, and became at last so mad that in anger he kicked the sun until it was broken into fragments, and each piece flew up through the smoke hole into sky. The largest piece became the sun, a smaller one the moon, and all the chips became stars scattered upon the face of the heavens. Thus were created the sun, moon and stars of the Haida country.

It is curious to note that the heaven-born

chief was allowed to marry an earth-born slave, but the earth-born slave was not allowed to have the daughter of the heaven-born chief for his wife. This is adhered to at the present day. A chief is allowed to marry a female slave, whilst the male slave is not allowed to marry a free born woman, thus following the supposed laws of their creator, the Raven.

The slave at once realized the terrible position in which he was situated, for had the chief found him he would most undoubtedly have been killed. So before the dawn of the following morning he was well on his way on the west coast to his former abode at North Island. He travelled by night and slept in the woods during the day, thus avoiding the keen eye of the Raven and the meeting of the chief. At last he reached home and sat brooding over his misfortune until the happy thought entered his mind of doing what the Raven had done, and to seek his wife from amongst the daughters of heaven.

At this perion of the world's civilation they possessed bows and arrows made after the manner of those seen by the Raven when in the Kingdom of Light. They also had the sun to give them heat during the day, and the moon and stars to give them light by night. So on one bright moonlight night he shot an arrow into the moon so that it stayed there. A second arrow he shot into the notch of the first, a third into the notch of the second, and continued to do so until the arrows reached from the moon to the earth. He was very energetic in his work, for he shot no less than 365 arrows, which took him 365 nights to accomplish, and which ultimately got transformed into so many days and nights, that finally became the days of the Haida year.

Up this ladder of arrows he climbed and

passed through the moon into heaven. Early in the morning of the first day that he arrived there he saw a beautiful woman swimming in a lake of crystal. He stealthily went round to the side on which she was likely to step ashore, and awaited he arrival. She soon came, but no sooner did she set her foot on the beach than she was seized by the slave, with whom she dropped into the sea not far from North Island.

The Raven happened to be flying near North Island during the descent of the slave and noticing something extraordinary in the atmosphere he watched, and at last discovered what he thought to be two large eagles, were the slave and the beautiful woman. No sooner did the raven lead her into the house than the Raven appeared. The Raven demanded that the slave should give him this beautiful woman, but he refused to do so. Whereupon the Raven became very angry, took possession of woman as his wife, and most unceremoniously changed the slave into a spirit, and drove him away from him forever. He cursed the slave most bitterly and commanded that he should always be a wandering spirit to look after the growth of every living thing.

Thus the wanderer, as the slave is now termed, is always busily engaged causing the berries and roots to grow for the support of the Haidas. Every plant, every flower and every tree is under his control, and thus it is that he provides fine cedar trees on the islands, out of which the natives dig their canoes. The beasts of the forest, the fish of the sea and the birds of the air are under his supreme control. At the present time he is fulfilling his destiny, and at times the Haidas think with gratitude of his good will toward them and offer him sacrifices of berries, roots, salmon and bear grease. These they put into hollow trees to provide a

meal for their most unfortunate ancester should he require anything to eat. Thus he wanders upon the face of the earth both night and day, and must continue to roam apart from his descendants until the end of all things. At the end of time, when the Raven shall become dissatisfied with the existing state of affairs, he will recall him, and woe to the Haidas when he is recalled, for the trees and plants, the fish and animals, the fowls of the air, and even their country, will most undoubtedly cease to be, and then shall the end of the Haldas come.

C. H.

Mr. Harrison has since contributed the following notes in reply to various questions raised during the discussion:

Many of the visitors to the Queen Charlotte Islands are of the opinion that the ancestors of the Haida nation were blown out to sea from some of the harbors of Japan and, having lost their bearings, were eventually driven across the islands. Quite recently Japanese junks have been found on the west coast dashed to pieces against the rocks. If their junks have been washed across to our shores there is no reason why junks manned by Japanese may not at an earlier date than the white man's knowledge of the Haidas, have been successfully sailed or blown across by stormy winds. This has a tendency to confirm the opinion of those who believe that the Haidas originally came from Japan. At any rate they are a distinct race of people; their language also is quite distinct, and has no resemblance whatever to the languages spoken by the neighboring tribes on the mainland.

2. Juan Pererz was the first white man to discover the islands is 1774, and they were named by him Cabo de St. Margarita. Thus

it is 116 years since the Haidas first came into contact with our race. Most of this time they have been associated not with the good, but with the evil. Thus they have lived in the clouds of ungodliness, and now only the remains of a powerful nation are being lifted up into the sunlight of the glorious liberty of the Church of God.

3. The Haida months are:

"Ketas," September, this month they got the cedar bark.

"Kalk Kungas," October, ice moon.

"Cha Kungas," November, the bears paw the ground for roots.

"Gwougrangas," December, too cold to sit on the beach this month.

"Lthkither Kungas," January, goose moon.

"Tan Kungas," February, the bears begin to come out of their holes.

"Nyhitgaas," March, laughing goose moon.

"Whitgaas," April, foreign goose moon.

"Tahalte Kungas," May, the month of flowers.

"Hanskite Kungas," June, the berries begin to ripen this month.

"Hanalung Kungas," July, month in which the berries are ripe.

"Chin Kungas," August, salmon month.

"Kishalish Kungas," moon in which they smoke their salmon.

They always smoke their salmon between July ond October.

There are twenty-eight days in each Haida month, and thirteen times twenty-eight make three hundred and sixty-four. The difference of one day between the Haida year and ours they explain by saying that one day was spent by the Raven's slave in climbing the ladder of arrows to secure a heaven-born woman for his wife. This day must be reckoned at the end of

the thirteenth month and will then make their year correspond with ours.

4. The medicine men were supposed to be in communication with Chief Cloud, and they alone were able to commune at any moment with the spirits of the departed during their residence in the clouds or in the domain of Chief Death. All wicked Indians were those who refused to obey their commands and their spirits were taken rossession of by Chief Cloud. The Haidas formerly placed the dead bodies on the highest branches of the spruce trees. If the medicine men were not well paid by the deceased man's relations, they would go by night, take down his body from the tree, bury it in the ground, and then declare that Chief Cloud had sent the man's spirit to bring his body into the clouds to furnish him, i. e. the Chief, with a meal.

5. The medicine man is the supposed possessor of all knowledge, not of the present world alone, but also of the world to come. He is able to turn himself into any animal at any time; and all diseases are subject to his incantations. At any moment he can commune with the spirits of the departed, and to him the enemies of the tribe must yield. Thus from the cradle to the grave the destinies of the tribe are subject to his whim, and, consequently he ranks as a very great chief.

AMONG THE MOUNDS.

PRE-HISTORIC PEOPLES OF THIS PACIFIC PROVINCE.

THE GREAT BATTLE WHICH MADE THE FRASER RUN BLOOD—ANCESTRAL DEITIES.

HOW THE GREAT DRAGON DROVE THE CHILDREN TO DEATH—A PATCHWORK OF TRADITIONS.

I have visited the hills of Hammond and dreamed away a summer morning on the Ketzie Rancherie. I have measured the shell mounds at Mosquim, and guessed at their great antiquity. I have paused in retrospection over the hut-graves of departed Nanaimos.

But the treasure hills would not be interviewed; the Ketzie battle ground waved in yellow grain, and the hut-graves housed but the uncommunicative ashes of departed warriors, while the descendants of this numerous race are fittingly represented in the foreground of a great picture of vast solitude—dumb, solemn, silent as the mollusks whose habits they have digested with their substance, shrinking into their shells like a mighty politician at the approach of a newspaper man.

I have had the good fortune, however, to place another genuine Indian tradition among the motley collection.

While at Port Hammond yesterday, I quite accidentally stopped at the farm of Mr. Webber, and at his hospitable home were resurrected many memories of the mounds. I listened to traditions that would tickle the tympanum

of the most indifferent antiquarian, each tale brightly illustrated by the well preserved handiwork of a great anti-Siwash, or contemporaneous race of artisan hunters and forest pirates, who erected their rude huts at Port Hammond, on the banks of the Fraser, hundreds of years before the Hudson Bay Company had stretched their first tentacle Pacific-ward.

A Vancouver gentleman whose scholastic career has peculiarly fitted him for his chosen vocation, is at present representing a Victoria Institution in historical research in this province. Patiently he is trying to weave together upon the loom of history a fabric of Indian lore which will stand the test of future research. It is a herculean task, and I think even when these old, weird traditions are collected, bit by bit, piece by piece, patch by patch, and woven together, we shall have nothing more than a sort of literary crazy quilt—an interesting collection of queer odds and ends, valuable only as a curiosity.

Perhaps my random shot at the theory of the pre-Siwash existence of a stone-carving race at Hammond, may attract the scholarly gentleman's attention in that direction. Perhaps my commentary, and the resurrected traditions, will sufficiently attract your readers to supply food to many of them for reflection, conjecture and speculation, and awaken a new interest in the history of our province.

First of all it may be asserted without contradiction that a part of Mrs. Webber's farm at Port Hammond is a veritable gold mine to paleontolooists. On it is an ancient burying-ground, and shell-mound over an acre in extent, black loam and pulverized shells being in about equal proportions for a depth of 20 feet, when clay is reached.

In this shell loam are said to be hidden trea-

sures innumerable—skulls, spears, arrowheads, carpenter's tools, bowls, ornaments, and every variety of the household wares, implements of war, and appliances of religion. Mrs. Webber, the bright, intelligent American lady whose husband leases the farm land, including the mound, has, with great perseverance, collected a large number of very fine curios or relics of the race of people who were prior occupiers of the land. They have have not been taken out of the mound but were turned up by the plough in other parts of the farm.

Mrs. Webber is justly proud of her valuable possession, and will only dispose of it in bulk to some provincial museum. She has taken infinite pains to correctly associate as many relics as possible with traditions pumped out of aged Indians in the vicinity, and some of the yarn-spinners, by-the-way, seem to have lived as long and acquired as much knowledge of the dead past as Haggard's ancient "She."

For the purpose of economising space, the traditions will be run into one mould and Mrs. Webber will be the reciter. In similar language the entertaining lady said:

"Here is a skull, high, narrow, tapering almost to a point at the crown. My Siwash washerwoman's grandmother, deposes, after persuasion, that it is the skull of a race of Indians whose heads were pressed into this shape in infancy—I presume the Dolichociphalous race. This man whose thinking cap is so ill-shaped, you will see by examining the bone, was never placed in the ground. He was evidently killed in battle, and left exposed by his enemies, as in that case he would the sooner go to perdition. The owner of this skull was one of the tribe of narrow heads who exterminated our Indians—a tribe of which only a remnant remains.

"A very old Indian whom I tried to pump through an interpreter, informed me that the tales of his people were not for woman's ears, but he said to another, whom I had previously posted, that his father had told him that he remembered, when a mere boy, these narrow heads creeping up the river in their war canoes. One day they counted a great number, the next day twice that number, and so each succeeding day until the seventh, when no more came, and all were massed in front of what is now the Webber farm. Like a great black cloud they lay upon the Fraser, moving, always moving. Each canoe carried large stones, and they piled them on the bank—(hundreds of them are there to this day)—and on the eighth day they crawled through the grass like snakes, and crushed us with stones. "Then on the ninth day, also on the tenth, they all left their canoes at night and sprang upon us, in war paint, looking like wicked gods, dashing our brains out with war clubs, and piercing us with spears, they left only half of our big tribe alive, to cry and moan. Many were carried off as slaves.

"We did not like war; we had war weapons; we hunted. After that everybody was sick, and we buried half of those that were left from battle. Then a monster with scales, long tail, green eyes and wings, dragged our children to the river every night, and devoured them. So the rest, with the exception of some sick families, ancestors of the narrator of this tradition, went on the trail.

"This is the old man's story, translated as plainly as possible.

"This stone mortar," continued Mrs. Webber, "was evidently used for crushing grain. It has a human face in relief, remarkably well carved on the side. The Siwash are not skilled craftsmen. It must have been the handiwork

of the people of a pre-historic age. These human jaws, my chore woman tells me, were formerly powdered by the medicine men and used as sure cure for neuralgia, but their own graves were never desecrated.

"I have 120 arrow heads and chisels of different sizes, and comprising 50 different kinds of stone or which I have a list, supplied me by Mrs. Dr. Bodington, of Hatzie Prairie. With five or six exceptions the kind of stone used is not found in this province. They nearly all come from the north. This is a medicine bowl; the roots are crushed in the bowl, and the juice runs down the groove into another bowl. Here are bone-barbed fish spears. The Siwash know nothing of them; the oldest say they never saw any like them. These stone hammers are found in the hollow trunks of trees across the river, and on this side in old graves. They were not made in one lifetime, a boy starts on a stone hammer, and after working at it during his lifetime passes it to his son to finish. They are priceless implements, and kept in families for centuries. A mighty war club of stone, wonderfully well preserved, with hole for wrist attachment; specimens of white flint, and a variety of precious ornaments followed, and a whole dispensary of little mortars and pestles; a unique ornament for the chin, and a handsome pipe of stone, the hole in the stone stem being smooth and as straight as an arrow. (How did they do it?) The chin ornament and the pipes are mysteries to the Siwashes about here; they did not use either."

The most interesting relic I have left to the last. It is an idol carved in wood—the figure of a woman with four faces looking to the four points of the compas. It was purchased for a trifle from an aged klootchman, who sent it to Mrs. Webber's house, with the message that

her family had worshipped it for generations, but she had no further use for it—she and those belonging to her now worshipped the God the good Catholic father told them about.

They had been converted to Catholicism, but still uncivilized humanity will ever yearn for something tangible to worship. Is it not the early history of all nations and tribes to have something they can see and feel for their deity? The four-headed family idol was cast out—sold to the circus collector—but the old lady's daughter, on her visits to Mrs. Webber's, with humid eyes still looks longingly toward the ugly wooden image. Perhaps tender recollections are recalled; perhaps sacred associations help to deify that little graven image; perhaps it is not the chiseled wood that stirs the soul of the simple minded Indian, and moves her stoic nature to tears. Was it not the god of her fathers—poor erring souls? For their dear sakes at all events she may treasure it without reproach, as the rich treasure the family jewels; as the humble treasure the ring, the photograph, the faded garments, once owned and worn by those nearest and dearest, whose images live only in our dreams. Let us not judge hastily, we have not stolen glimpses of the inner lives of those who reigned before us in this land of promise.

Thus ends my Indian tradition. It is another odd patch for the professor's crazy quilt. Its fabric crude as the race from which it sprung, woven by amateur hands, it is still a patch, though its merit lies only in its odding.

The history of the Indian people of the north west Pacific coast is replete with manifold points of interest to the archæologist and anthropologist. Many of their words bear a close resemblance to the Phœnecian, showing plainly that at some period in their history they must have mixed with those hardy traders and probably received from them many of their ideas regarding the creation of the world and the various traditions connected therewith. All the tribes seem to have a tradition regarding the flood, and many of the heads of tribes have totem stories dating back of that event.

These old historians have some very queer notions as to what event should constitute the main idea of their totem story. One of those read by Mr. Deans, for instance, tells of how the chief of the tribe went out in his canoe to seek for fish. He took with him his spear, but in some way forget his paddle. After he had got out some distance (by what means deponent saith not), he discovered his blunder, and desired to return. But how, was the question. His position is not rendered any more cheerful by the thonght that on shore he has a beautiful wife who is very fickle. and that his brother would gladly reign as skidegate in his stead and wed the widow of the former king.

Revolving these thoughts in his mind, the chief sat and scratched his head while the canoe drifted further and further from land. What was his surprise when there fell from his head a vast number of frogs, which gathered round the canoe and pushen it to land in time for the chief to thwart the plotters against his crown.

It is perhaps needless to say that from that time on the frog occupied the place of honor on the totem pole of the tribe of this chief.

These are but samples of the many interest-

ing stores told by the totems and interpreted by the collector. The entire lot of curios will be sent to Chicago as soon as they can be prepared for shipment. They will form one of the most interesting exhibits of the archæological department. Mr. Deans is now arranging a descriptive pamphlet on the exhibit, which will no doubt be of great interest.

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Indian Curiosity.

A large quantity of Indian curiosities of all descriptions, collected along the North Pacific coast, have been got together by Mr. J. J. Hart for the Columbia exhibition, which is to be held in Chicago. Included in the list is a model of an Indian hut, a suit, including head piece for a "brave" about to take part in the Bear dance, a quantity of grotesque masks, bows, arrows, rude implements, totems and household gods, in wood and in black slate.

A Skidegate Totem.

The steamship Danube, on her last trip from the north, brought a totem pole of considerable proportions and in a good state of preservation from Skidegate. It measures 40 feet in height, is five feet across at the base and is elaborately carved and colored. It seems that after a recent disturbance on a portion of the Queen Charlotte Islands, the Indians abandoned their old houses, leaving behind the totem in question. It is supposed to be of considerable antiquity, and is sufficiently peculiar and grotesque in its appearance to constitute a very great curiosity, although even such remains of the almost pre-historic Indian are familiar to those who have made the subject of the Indian

races and their antiquities their special study. No doubt the specimen will have many visitors. What will be done with it has not yet been decided by its owner, Mr. J. J. Hart, of the curio store, on Johnson street. There is also expected by Mr. Hart, from the same locality, a large and artistically worked stone table of black marble, inlaid with ivory and shells. The articles here referred to are, indeed, curiosities not to be met with in Victoria every day.

A Rare Curio.

A totem pole was brought down on the steamer Danube from Queen Charlotte's Islands the last trip, for Mr. J. J. Hart, of the Indian Bazaar. The curio is the largest ever yet procured of the Indians, it being 40 feet in length by five feet in diameter. The carving on it is grotesque and strange in the extreme, and of a kind rarely met with. Mr. Hart, who was for nearly 34 years with the Indians, says that never before could a similar totem pole be procured by white men, although efforts were often made to do so. This one was left at a deserted village by one of the Skidegate tribes, and fell into the hands of Mr. Hart's agent. It was brought down intact. Its age is considered by experts to be close upon 800 years. The wood forming it is cedar, which when above ground is practically non-decayable, and although weather-beaten and scarred, the relic still preserves its form and design well. It is not yet known what will be done with the totem although it is probable it will be sent to London, and set up next to Cleopatra's needle so that a specimen of ancient Egyptian and Haidah work can be seen side by side. Parties are bidding for the curio for the World's Fair at Chicago and it may go there first.

Indian Curiosities.

Mr. J. J. Hart, of Johnson street, has, it is said, purchased a large quantity of pre-historic and more modern Indian curiosities, in which it is believed, the Naas district and Queen Charlotte Islands are very rich. In the coming consignment are several totem poles, articles stone, ivory and whalebone, together with an assortment of "tamananaas," or instruments of the native doctors and medicine men.

Indian Curios.

The steamer Danube, on her next trip, will bring down a considerable quantity of ancient Indian implements, weapons, tools and musical instruments, as well as some bone carvings and charms. Mr. J. J. Hart, who is continually receiving inquiries from all parts on the subject, has been invited to attend the coming World's Exhibition at Chicago, but has not yet made up his mind as to whether be can make it convenient to go there and supervise the curio department.

Northern Curiosities.

On her last trip the steamer Danube brought down from the Upper Skeena, Masset, Skidegate and other points, a large and valuable collection of Indian curiosities for Mr. J. J. Hart. Among them were fifteen old style musical instruments, two large, highly ornamented spoons, about three feet long; one four-feet wooden dish, twenty carved horn spoons with goat's horn handles, two large boxes, one of inlaid cedar and the other of iron wood, a small totem pole, a number of masks, one of them representing a bird, having long moveable mandibles. Some of these articles have every ap-

pearance of antiquity. Indeed, one of the spoons is described as having been one of the kind upon which the old coast Indian, having extended his hospitality to the stranger, was accustomed to swear eternal friendship. Hence the old saying, "by the big horn spoon!" Lieut. Schwatka, the other day, purchased several hundred dollars' worth of curiosities in this city.

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SIGHTS WORTH SEEING

IN

Victoria and Neighborhood.

Her Britannic Majesty's Fleet and Dockyard at Esquimalt.---The Dockyard at Esquimalt cost $1,000,000.

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The Provincial Museum of Natural and Indian Curios.

Government Buildings, James Bay, open 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

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The Public Park, Beacon Hill.

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The Palatial Residence of Mrs. (Robt.) Dunsmuir.

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The Public Library at City Hall.

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The Gorge, on Victoria Arm.

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Lover's Lane, Victoria District.

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And the Finest Drives and Grandest Scenery on the Pacific Coast.

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The Indian Bazaar, 48 Johnson St.